

Free Beer Press

pee for peace

SPRING 86

#11



NEW METAL / STRANGE FRUIT / RAMONES / ZZ TOP
THE BUTCHERS / PSYCHO AFTERMATH
PIGBOY'S 'MUD ROOTS'

Okay,happy holidays. No time to bull-shit. Everything's old,nothing's new,and the city is still asleep. Got thrown out of a gay bar for making out with a girl, so now I'm pissed at queers. Lemon creme cookies,accidently erased tapes,no paper in the public johns. Its been like that.



SERIOUSLY
SPEAKING

BY DR. D.S.

STRANGE FRUIT/A PHOSPHEROUS SEED-I had no idea. No one told me anything so I just assumed that 'A PHOSPHEROUS SEED' was the title of the album. But noooo, A P. Seed is actually the name of a band, and one side of this rec is them. Now here's the embarrassing part; I don't know which! I like the side with 4 songs best,but the whole thing is great. I just can't tell who's who. Sheesh,I feel like a dork,a moron,a night with Sherry Fite's legs. (A must! Write POB 131/KALAMAZOO,MI)

LESLEY GORE:LOVE ME BY MY NAME-Not good news. Titles include 'Immortality,' 'Genius,' and 'Lucite Rainbows.' Lesley writes almost everything,Herbie Hancock spins knobs,and the girl who used to sing 'Sunshine,lollipops,etc' is now singing 'Do you believe there's poison in your beef?' Poison in my beef? Boy,white people sure do talk funny.

RAMONES:BONZO GOES TO BITBURG-Notable if only for 'Smash You,' a raver that coulda been on any one of their first 3 albums. You know,when they actually sounded like the Ramones and not some geeks in a high-tech echoe room. Whats that? It was written by the new drummer? Oh god...

ZZ TOP:AFTERBURNER-Speakin of high-tech, here's some dudes who've learned how to utilize it and still leave the gravel in the engine. Nothin real new,just plain ol' rocknroll,hard,fast and tough. Best tune: 'Woke Up With Wood,' a tribute to morning erections. Get one now!

homo flamenco dancer while some Nordic babe does the Spock-brow and appears concerned. Hit yer head a little harder doll face, and remember how important good ear hygiene is. Swab around with that Q-tip right after showering and your problems will be solved. And Tom..... you be one ugly dude - did the impact of your fist striking the wall jar yer brain a little too much? If not, then by what do you attribute your obvious brain damage and subsequent spazation to??? I don't mean to be unkind - but Tom, have you ever watched this video? It's weird, but not weird enough! Ever heard of stage makeup, you heartbreaker - it'll cover a multitude of sins. Good God - unattractive retards on parade! I'd say someone needs a painful beef injection, butt soon.



THE AIDS OF ROCK & ROLL?

Ah yes, the new metal---sounds like a dinosaur farm,huh? But is it really new? Well only if yer into reading last years sunday suppliment or maybe sippin a five week old (opened) quart of Buckhorn. Sure,there's still a few bands spewing the goods (AC/DC) but mostly its the same old mindless slug-riffs laid down by Led Squeeze ten years ago; done,redone, and redone again. The same subject matter (macho babbling and/or doomisms),the same high 'nuts-in-a-vice' vocals,and of course,the deadest idea of all, the long hair. The thing is, these things can work (Sabbath,ZZ Top), so whats the prob? Well,lets take a look at 3 new releases from Pentagram Records, a New York label that specializes in 'new metal,' and see if we can find a clue.

NEW YORK:CARRY THE TORCH-Now calling yourself Boston is one thing,and calling yourself Chicago is another, but calling yourself New York is just asking for trouble, especially if you're chronic sissies like these geeks. Still,I'm reviewing this one first cuz its the best of the lot, which isn't to say it aint total horseshit (which it is). The album opens with 'Saturday Night' (guess what its about) and contains this lyrical gem: 'Come on,baby/I feel alright/ lets go party/its Saturday night!' Brain-food,anyone? The music is drab pop, the guitar's subdued,and the singer makes Jonathon Richmond sound tough. In fact, the only good thing about this rec is that they cover Aerosmith's 'Seasons Of Wither,' one of my fave toons. Unfortunately N.Y changes the words and feels that's sufficient grounds for taking credit for writing it. Drop that torch.

PENTEGRAM:PENTEGRAM-This one's kinda funny. We all know there's nothing wrong with wearing one's Sabbathian influences on one's sleeve, but these guys actually wanna be Black Sabbath. Check that cover,check those gloom/doom lyrics that go on and on and don't say anything,check that HAIR! What's amazing is that on the first song they almost pull it off (almost),but from there on its straight to the barf bin. And even though the band drags,the riffs are tired,and the lyrics would make a 6 year old embarrassed,the real problem here is the singer (have I said that before?). I mean,he seems to be in tune and on the right key and all that technical stuff, he's just so faceless. He shows about as much emotion as a totaled moped. Sure,Ozzie was never known for his emoting prowess,but then he had a voice,not some flat,cardboard facsimile. In fact,this whole band is a facsimile, and not a reasonable one. Capitol punishment for rocknroll rip-offs? You got it.

DED ENGINE:DED ENGINE-Saved these guys for last for 2 reasons; (1)cuz they're local boys (Lansing),and (2)cuz our band played with em once. And I'll tell ya, a bigger buncha self-absorbed prima donnas you have never met. Here they were, a buncha fucking NOBODIES parading around like they were the Stones or somethin. They were throwing their fists in the air during sound check,fer chrissakes! So anyway (if you can believe their 50 page promo) they're supposedly BIG STARS now, opening for Twisted Blister,and have more fans than Motley Crue has fleas. Well,this is their first album and it could be just the thing to put an end to this nonsense. I mean,this is one dreadful bed full of crackers. First off,you should be forewarned that there are no drums or bass on this thing. Sure,they're listed on the sleeve and theres even pictures of the guys who supposedly play em,but I sure can't hear em. Hell,I can hardly hear the singer! All of which leads me to believe that the guitarist was the only one present at mix-down,cuz hey,its guitar UP THE BUTT. Which is something,I suppose, when the songs smell as bad as these do. Like New York,these dopes thought to include a dumb 'lyric' sheet with all their dumb 'thoughts,'but what the heck do you expect from such truly dumb guys,meaningful expression? And though every cut on here is bland and tuneless,the one that really sickens my scallop is 'Kings Of The City,' a Kiss rip about how the Deds are indeed--Kings Of The City! Well, Lansing maybe,but if these slugs walked into Missias' or Kings Inn talkin that shit they'd get their lily-white asses kicked from here,all the way down 94,and back to fucking Lansing,where fagged-out old hippies like them belong! Ded Engine? I wish.

Course this just the tip of a very large ice-burg and I probably shouldn't be such a crybaby. Its just that I can't help feeling that todays regurgitated crap will become tomorrows MTV staple. But,you say, theres lots of good new metal out there. Well,yer right,and we'll look at some next ish. Now fuck off.

I DON'T WANT MY MTV!

Yo kiddies, it's time once again, for another scathing report on what those uncool jocksters have been choosin' to roll lately. What is the deal, Martha? Katrina and the Waves every 15 minutes? Prince prancin' his velvet bound hard-on to the tune of verbal obscenities. Madonna writhing and rollin', like a toy poodle in heat, promising a blow job to one and all. Search desperately else where, tart!

Hey guys, just for the record - it's pronounced HOO-SKER DO NOT HUSKER DUH!! Jesus christ, what are the electro-magnetic waves coming to? Tears for Fears? Bonnie Tyler? Rock-n-wrestling? Dickheads for Africa? The Power Station?!? Do you want any intelligent lifeforms out there 'listening' to us to see and hear shit like this? I don't! Frankly I think it's fuckin' embarrassing. Don't you people think turkey balogna is bad enough??

OK-ok, I'm lightening up, I guess MTV is better than nothing - but I can pick up the audio portion on any given AM frequency - I thought Ms. Blackwood and triple J would be a little more culturally progressive. Let me pick and play 8 hrs. of good material (if ya got it) and I'll show ya the meaning of the immortal phrase "I wanna rock". But wait, what's this I see as I write? Tom 'the masher' Petty wearing non-concentric shades, bobblin' the mike stand and a clappin' and a tappin' like a

THANK TO E.B. (GRAPHICS), B.VAN, AND FALSTAFF

ALRIGHT,SWINE!
TAKE ME TO THE
LATEST FREE BEER
OR DIE!!

RELAX,BRO!
HERE COMES THE
MAILMAN NOW.



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#200/6 ISSUES

P.O. BOX 1513/KALAMAZOO,MI 49007

THE HULLER BROTHERS

GRIM FACTS

BY DR. V

Lately prospective patients have been approaching me on the street and voicing such concerns as: am I a member of the AMA? Did my mom take Thalidomide during pregnancy? And - who the hell do I think I am? Pardon me, allow me to reiterate. Having been a member of the medical community for the last 8 1/2 years, I feel, qualifies me to give public advice, if ya don't like that - put the paper down!

"Come in, come in, hop up on the table. I can tell from your limp wrist you are obviously a homosexual so let me take a guess at your ailment. Humm, anorectal abscess? Balanitis? AIDS? Epididymitis perhaps? Having problems sitting down? Wait, I've got it! You have proctitis!. Am I right."

Due to the ever increasing numbers of bi and homosexuals in the Denver-Boulder area, I find myself diagnosing proctitis at least 2X a day. "Humm, that's some buzz word" you say "but whatever does it mean?" Well, it's not a pretty picture, but it is a real one and guess who the artist is? If the 'queens' can come out of the closet I think it's only fair 'taboo' problems should also! Allow me to explain - proctitis: an inflammation of the anus or rectum caused by penile introduction of one of the following bacteriums, Gonococcus or Treponema Pallidum (gonoreha and syphilis respectively); or the viral maulader herpes. The visible symptoms include: mucusy or pus-like discharge, chancres or ulcer like sores and/or rectal warts, all occurring around the rectal site. The physical symptoms include: rectal burning, severe itching, bleeding, painful bowel movements, tight sore buttocks, difficulty in urination and in maintaing an erection. Needless to say, this disorder, whatever the underlying cause, can be excruciatingly painful - if you have ANY of the above symptoms - consult a physician immediately! GO NOW! Say "I want to be well!".

Your doctor will probably want to anal-ye (ha-ha) a smear sample (OUCH!) of the chancre or ulcer discharge to find out exactly what or which nasty culprit is at the root of your problem. If it's a bacterial infection - antibiotics will be prescribed and you'll be A-OK within 2 weeks (hopefully). Wart paint may also be prescribed to deal with those pesky rectal warts, this is very common though so don't be embarrassed. If, however, mean ol' Mr. Virus (a.k.a. herpes genitalis) is causing the problem, you're fucked - literally too! There is no proven cure for herpes induced proctitis, so you'll just have to let this infection run its course and hope it doesn't spread or return. Of course, you should try to avoid any anal penetration with any object in the interm, give yourself some time to heal. For those who just can't wait I would recommend KY jelly and lots of condoms and a bullet to bite on. Personally, I like homosexuals, so I'd like to take a few moments to urge you strickly gay men to be selective with your partners. No gang-banging! Also insist on plenty

of soap and water before and after the sexual act. Good luck, men and remember: NO PICKING AT YOUR INFECTION.

Well, I've got a culture to analyse so more grim but true facts later. If there is any disease you'd like discussed, let me know!

Health Hint: a healthy butthole should look supple and be free from foreign legions, er lesions.

R.: Do NOT put any meat byproducts into any orifice (as potassium sorbate is used to retard mold growth and will cause problems.)



PSYCHO AFTERMATH

Homicide-mania. Off the beat. No control, no problem. I know I did the right thing. I feel it. Besides it wasn't MY fault anyways, it was Robbie's!

-----Robbie who?-----
Robbie Benson, of course - he made me do it, the whore! He led me on - he shoulda known - he took the role!

-----What role?-----
Why Ritchie the misguided, drug-crazed, teen son in that riveting tale of True Suburban Life a.k.a. 'The Death of Ritchie' - of course! I taped it off WGN and watched it 42 times. Sometime during the 27th viewing I had a very heavy vision. WOW - I realized my true purpose on planet Earth, my fate, my first best destiny - kismet - the ultimate program. An external command. I didn't need some dog to tell me what to do - I knew! I would bear Robbie's child - whatever the cost!

Robbie's mod doo, Dauchauish body and buck teeth set off an implosion of sexual compulsion and maternal obsession in my cortex. I had to have him and then his child - or else! I knew he'd pop some reds, collide drunkenly into the walls and slur "I'll kill ya" while flailing about with the kitchen shears, one more time for me!! Oh yes, Ritchie. errrr.... Robbie, yes! I wrote him daily for a month; yet he refused to answer my letters. When I'd call, the

maid said he wasn't in (but I could see him, through the binoculars, sitting by the pool rubbing suntan lotion on his thin body. Frustrated, I followed him to the orthodontists' and finally got to speak to him. He lay prone in the big chair - instruments to the left. I entered the room and I told him it wasn't right for him to ignore me this way - then I told him of my mission, while slowly undressing - but he with open disgust, spurned my blatant sexual advances. I tried to forcibly ejaculate him to impregnate myself, but I soon realized it didn't matter - he'd never get hard, and depression set in as I was forcibly removed from the office and, face down in the gutter, realize my 'mission' was 'impossible'. So what's left for a girl to do?..... Got it - I'd crush him just like he'd destroyed me. I knew I was a failure but at least I'd give him something to think about, every remaining day of his god damn worthless life - and it wouldn't be something pleasant either! I almost wish I coulda taken him out along with the rest of the lunch time diners and jr. high students. But being scared of the common masses and the real meal world - Robbie never ate at Hardees and was conspicuously absent when I entered, walked up to the counter and placed an order of fries and carnage to go. "Pardon me, can ya repeat that?" tittered the dim-wit behind the counter tagged Susie.

"Eat lead, bitch - go see Jesus!" I screamed in reply. Something exploded and my head started to pound and things kinda clicked into slow motion, then frame by gruesome frame I acted out the unfolding drama, zombie-like going thru the motions. I raised my Browning 9 mm. up level with the twits name badge and squeezed, again and again.

I'm not sure exactly what happened after that. Things lost their order of appearance (kinda like last nites dream - the illusive one that you can't quite remember once you've been awake for awhile). I do recall bits and pieces: stocking the freezer with some kind of raw meat, lots of blood, shots, screaming, small body parts flying, and, I think, I put some dudes head in the french fryer. When I try real hard I can almost smell the searing tissue again. Anyway - I guess I did do and say all those horrible things they wrote about in the paper, I'm just not sure and that bothers me. I don't feel bad or responsible either, because I think we all know where the real blame lies. We know who really murdered those children!..

Whatcha thinkin' about now, Robbie? Don't worry, I forgive you for what you've done and for rejecting me. When I get outta here I'll stop by for a little visit. We'll talk. I beleive we have some unfinished business - don't worry Robbie, I'm feeling much better now..... Just to show you I really mean

DEDICATED TO D. BEAN AND RICKY NELSON

it, I'll bring along a couple of Jetsons' 'Happy Meals' and a hot apple pie for dessert. Ha ha ha.

A FAMILY ALBUM

THE ORIGIN OF PIG-BOY

Many young boys are given puppies for gifts. For protection my father bought me a pig. He was a wonderful watchpig. One evening while I was being held up, he watched.

Everybody who has a dog calls him either Rover or Boy. I called my pig Sex. Now Sex is a very embarrassing name. One day I took Sex for a walk & he ran away from me. I spent hours looking for the snort. A cop came over to me & said, "What are you doing in this alley at 2:00 in the morning?"

I said, "I'm looking for Sex". My case comes up Thursday.

One day I went to City Hall to get a animal license & told the Clerk, "I would like to have a license for Sex".

He said, "I would like to have one too". Then I said, "You don't understand. I had Sex since I was 2 years old". He said, "You must have been a very strong baby".

I told him that when my wife & I separated, we went to court to fight for custody of the animal. I said, "Your honor, I had Sex before I was married", & the judge said, "Me too". Then I told him that after I was married, Sex left me. And he said, "Me too".

When I told him that I had Sex on TV he said I was a show-off. I told him that it was a contest & he told me I should have sold tickets. I also told the Judge about the time my wife & I were on our honeymoon & we took the pig, Sex. When I checked into the hotel I told the Clerk that I wanted a room for my wife & me & a special room for Sex.

The Clerk said, "Every room in this hotel is for sex".

Then I said, "You don't understand. Sex keeps me up at night". And the Clerk said, "You Pig, Boy".

I gave up. The name stuck.

NIPPIN 'N' NAPPIN

-PANIC!-

A PIG TURNS 30

Most o these travel stories start off with lots a preliminary leaving stuff. Not this one. I gotta Rambler runnin on empty. A dancer goin to Detroit & an Irishman goin to Michigan. Me, I jus fill the car with gas & head for the nearest tunnel. Which we miss & take a bridge instead. Ball on through with no driver's license, no insurance & expired plates. The fog & mist & damp New Jersey. Dark Penn. Into fat stupid Ohio. The red fuckin sun rises over my Eastern shoulder as we plow into Michigan, My Michigan, & into your town.

Exhausted & thirsty we pull into a nice clean parking space in front of The Bop Shop, record emporium & palm reading parlor. The proprietor, Jo Shep, was drawing hot water & fetching an old mop as I swagged in the front door, hands in pockets.

"Yo, Home Boy!", I call out. Jo looks relieved, "What the... HEY!... I thought you were in No Yok!?"

"No, man. I'm in your town".

I run down the painfull story of no place to park my car, endless parking tickets & the eminent need to get my car outta New York on account of they be towing it off otherwise. Also, of course the damn drivers liscense that expired on my birthday & I have to get back to my birthplace to renew it without penalties.

"Good point", Jo says, as he leans on the mop & lights a Newport.

"So you've taken up smoking, thats good to see".

"It's honest".

"I appreciate your clarity".

Sweet runs down his face & there is some kind of pause as we look beyond each other at Sade posters & into space. I borrow his old duck hunting cap & walk down the street in the pouring rain. Early afternoon grey & orange & yellow trees & the rain is fierce as it beats down on some savage angle on my head. I pause underneath a store-front & look down a boulevard that runs for ever with trees & houses & wet children & the traffic is dead & I wonder. Smelling the not so distant corn fields I know that there is a true love in my soul & the sidewalk tells all. The afternoon wears on at such a slow pace. My shoes are soaked. I look both ways before crossing the street. It feels like Sunday, but its Friday. Unless it rains.

Then its wet.

Back at the Bop Shop we make a blood pact & decide that life is air & water & nothing else. Some things are so simple, we shake hands & agree to meet the next night. After I renew my drivers license.

Through my eyes. I'm tryin to tell it like it like it was. It was in fact outta my kinda. .. state a ... mind. Everyone had a television. In & outta... leftover... poor bad dogs. Chained to stinking hurricane fences in poor sad yards of unknown sadness to howl scratching lonely in your backyard. The sink is clogged & I want only to take one more shower. A final cleansing before the last supper. The hair ball must be removed before the water will drain.

Standing naked in a borrowed bathroom I towel myself dry & decide not to try the blow dryer for fear of electricity. The phone is ringing & I ignore it. No one is home. It rings again & I am sucked into its vaccum.

"Yep".

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Hello. I dont live here. D'wanna leave a message for someone?"

"No, man. I'm havin a party tonight & I wanted you guys to know about it".

I thank him very much & get the details. I listen to the radio & decide that I had better find my bag & put on clean underwear.

After a nourishing dinner of stuffed zucchini & rice I head over to the soiree, complete with floral thighs & fresh boxer shorts.

Christ only knows how clean those streets are. Even the drunks look clean. I look at the street signs & they seem so small & green. Maybe they were GREEN. I do know this is a fine place to be & the traffic is slow. Of course I proceed with caution, ever mindfull of careening taxi cabs.

Not to much later I arrive at a kitchen full of revelling merri-makers who are busy trying to find some ol' fun. I know its a lost balcony of sailing souls, but try not to let on.

Its like flash magic- Jo Shep in my face again. We grappel with plenty & swap stories. Trade a couple of coon skins & continue in a sly kinda lost way to remember what it was.

My suggestions are wasted as Jo Jo barges in, "You been gone. You got knowledge?"

"No man. Me, I got not".

"You got Wild Turkey?"

"Nope. I'm un-full".

"Don't lie now, mister".

I proclaim innocence & try to establish a solid footing as I regain my balance.

"Lookie see... I jus had a big birthday & my drivers liscense expired. I'm here on business, Dude".

"Yer clean?"

"No! I wanna gotta renew my drivers liscense. Can't you understand? This is serious".

I sink into the linoleum & wasted yellow light that you know who is paying for. I feel like a cheap bum come in from the hardly cold night. I can't express myself in this difficult time. Me thinks these have been lean years & I turn my back so as to tighten my belt another notch.

Well Well Well... Turning around my ol' Kev walks in the back door with a bottle of schnapps in one arm & a 17 year old blond in the other. We hug & kiss & exchange pleasantries.

"Your looking good man!"

"You too", I lie, "That bottle matches your shirt".

We all laugh & I fumble a pack of Marlboros outta my pocket onto the floor. Kevin accuses me of being a Cowboy. I click my boot heels together 3 times & light a match. We wait for the phone to ring & miss another episode of MIAMI VICE.

Sooner or later we wind into a circle & wait for good times or better conversation. Out on the overhanging porch the sky seems low & dark. I scare easily & head back into the kitchen.

O.K., so you tell me, should I stay or should I go? People drop around me like leaves & wanna exit into the furrowed back yards & search for icons in the cool night destiny of tomorrows over-slept dreams. Oh green green grass of home.... I hope so.

John who I don't know at all says he has a gallon of wine at his house so we all leave without a motion & of course don't forget the 6-pack hid under the bush in the front yard. That was a clever remembrance. Down the road about a block & a half. I know it was on the way to my old house because the sidewalk tilted the same way & I almost tripped where I always did.

the mar gin of error

About 2 blocks down, under an oak tree, we passed through a hedge, a door, & into a brick building. This was not a decision; it was a mandate to stop. RUN! You know, defy destiny & annoy sleep. Awake unfortunate instincts of survival. I see you in another cloud of my eye.

I see you in my eye asleep. I find you sloppy, not to say that you are to close. How can I ever make it up to you? In death or in doses, life gets better. Or slower. I apologize.

On a borrowed carpet, nearly mornings light,

I scratch & shiver. The ramparts rage. Actually, the curtains were of the heavy tapestry kind & I really couldn't tell what was goin' on outside, but I knew I was under seige- the burping & belching was the violent kind & the boat was heaving to & fro. Fortunately I was fully clothed & saved probably 5 minutes or more on account of that brilliant foresight. I tottered out the front door & hung on for dear life.

Out on the street, under heavy poisonous clouds, I smile a small private smile; satisfied that I've been able to accomplish so much mayhem & mirth in my short travel- I've safely parked my car & now I'm on my way to renew my drivers liscense. What a guy.

Even at my sluggish pace I arrive at the Secretary Of State's office in alarming speed. Will this madness ever end? Am I infalible? I walk around the block once while I take time to tuck my shirt in & clear the phlem from my throat. It's just after 9:00 & everyone looks so clean & pressed. My blood pressure is low. I'm hungry & tired & want only to collapse underneath one of these wooden porches but press on into the phorescent office.

Wondering if a heart attack would be appropriate at a moment such as this I study a manuel for safe driving at a small formica desk. The words read perfectly but make no sense whatsoever to me. Will I find salvation? Why is everyone always starring at me? Sick & tired of the fucking abuse... I stand in line.

It's just me, walking to the window. Glad I got there early... Wonder & worry 'bout the blood in my veins... Wonder & worry 'bout my flight back. God... Geez. I hope this lady is lenient.

"Hello",
"Yes? Sir?"
"Yeah, I need to renew my drivers liscense".
Sweet & ashes run down my brow. God, what does it all mean? She looks at me with cool detached eyes & a
(DRAT! DRAT! DOUBLE DRAT! THE ELECTRIC TYPE-

WRITER THAT I BORROWED FOR THIS PROJECT JUST POOPED OUT & QUIT! STOPPED GOING FORWARD! I'LL FINISH ON MY GRANDPA'S OLD MANUAL & CALL A PLUMBER IN THE MORNING!! NOW FLUSH & KEEP READING.)

detached eyes & makeup that don't match & says, "Sir, your'r liscense doesn't expire until 1 9 8 6.

She handed the card back to me & I bowed my head. Why don't people just leave me alone?

A MAN NAMED BOB

THE BUTCHERS/LIVE FROM THE DRUNK TANK
By Bobby Van, Brooklyn's Navy Yard.

If Hector "Macho" Camacho had a band, they would ape the 'Barrio Style' machismo (hard dick) sound of this Butchers tape, I'll bet you my food stamps. My tropical Latino neighbors are shouting at me on the street for a copy.

Yesterday Raphael cornered me at the check cashing store, "Just give it to me to make a copy, Cheif, I bring it right back to you, man". Sure Raphael, just like you brought back that cigarette you borrowed. Maybe, just maybe, Lucy with the leather skirt will get one, cause she said she'd give me a date if I let her listen to side one.

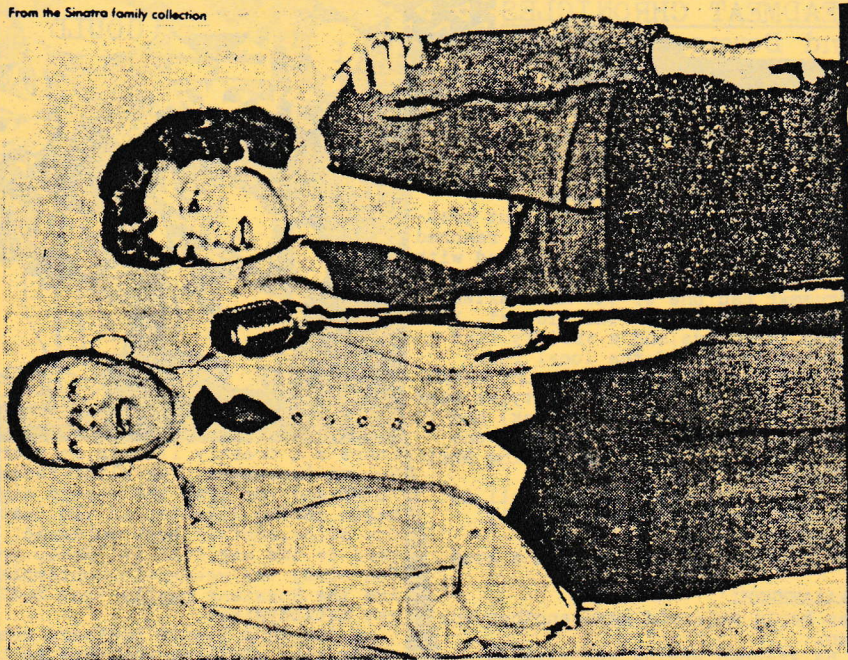
Let's look at side one, & see what Lucy's hot young blood is boiling about:

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STUD- Like the man sez, "I love it". A celebration of sorts. With cool guitar exclamation points, so you know when to tap those toes. Look at Lucy tappin' hers! TEQUILA!

It's not music, it's a disease.

— Mitch Miller

From the Sinatra family collection



FRANK, NANCY, MICROPHONE.

TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRL- I'll edit this one from Lucy's tape. HEY! Give me a break- she'd think I'm sick!

FUCKIN BITCH- "Give me some room- She's a fuckin bitch". Great song. Two teen hoods stood outside my window last week & bootlegged this one, & now I hear a salsa version at the I.G.A. store.
JACK OFF IN A BLIND MAN'S FACE- Ever wonder what would happen if Henry Rollins & Fred "The Hammer" Williamson found a sheet of blotter acid in Bronson Park? Remember gang, "A seein' eye dog's just a bitch in heat".

SEX RAMPAGE- Some rampage, it lasts about 2 minutes.

COULDN'T GET IT UP- A sad song of a lost love. Great. Talks about my favorite food, too. Fried chicken.

HAVIN' SOME FUN PART 2- Filler to wind out side one.

SIDE TWO

TEN MILES TO CLIMAX- Suspense, a pulsating beat, & a pretty girl. Will he stay on the road? Or will she blow it for him? I'm not sayin', cept to tell ya that this is number one with a neat ending.

FUCK CIRCUS- Ooh look at the clowns, they're all dressed like Mick Jagger, mommy. UGH!
PSYCHEDELIC DOGS- Fuck Bishop Tutu- send the Butchers over there, they'll straighten

that shit out. Kuff- Kuff!

FLIP MY BRAIN OVER BABY- (Fry the other side). Johnny Winter has a summer camp. Howlll! Down Lucy! DOWN!

POP A TEENAGE QUEEN- Look out- he means it. The real thing, like jailhouse gin & Rory Gallagher. (What?)

DRUGGIE BITCHES- Like Ralph sez, "There oughta be a law".

DEMENTED- Guitar sounds like "Money", vocal sounds like it's sung through a shiny metal tube three feet long! How do they do it? And what did they do with the tube after? My Grandpa liked it. He busted out of his leather constraints & headed out of the basement trying to choke me. No more dust for you, Gramps.

ORIENTAL WHOREHOUSE- Touching, tender. "They'll fuck a train of 50 horny men, drink some sake & nollar out 'Who's next?' Me- I am- Me! Sounds better than Komeco's, eh?"

I don't know if you can buy this thing or not, but if you can, you'll find it in yer local I.G.A. Next to the Spanish fly, right Lucy? Ouhh Yeahhh Baby. Ouch, no bitin, bitch.

TEQUILA!

WRITE TO:

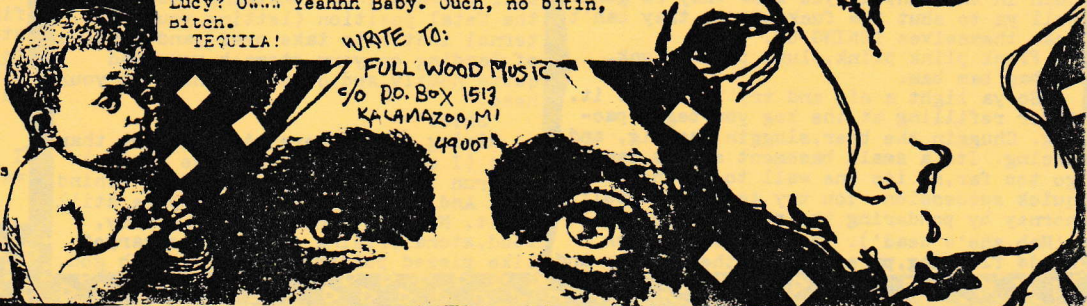
FULL WOOD MUSIC
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49007

"The rock and roll school... concentrated on a minimum of melodic line and a maximum of rhythmic noise, deliberately competing with the artistic ideals of the jungle itself."

— Encyclopaedia Britannica 1956 Yearbook

Rock 'n' roll is the most brutal, ugly, vicious form of expression — sly, lewd, in plain fact, dirty ... rancid smelling, aphrodisiac ... the martial music of every delinquent on the face of the earth."

— Frank Sinatra



THE DEADMEAT CHRONICLES

Ups And Downs

By Dead

My first mistake was moving in with the band. My second day there I locked myself outta the house 4 times, almost drowned in the shower, and smashed the big front window. Welcome to the neighborhood.

Our new bassplayer was working out pretty well except that he hadn't quite reached his true Asshole Potential. We figured with time...

Our drummer had one of the most extensive porno collections in the midwest. Hundreds, maybe thousands, and a variety that was unmatched by any of the local porn shops. It was his pride and joy. One morning, after a particularly wild party, we came downstairs (still drunker than fuck) and it was all gone. All, that is, except for one old copy of 'Whips & Furs,' featuring Marilyn Chambers with a camel.

'OH, MY GOD!' he screamed, then fell to his knees and began sobbing furiously.

'WAAAAHHH!'

'Shit!' I said 'and it was such a good party.'

'WAAAAHHHHH!'

'I was hopin we could have another one real soon.'

Then he stopped crying and gave me a look like I just raped his mom. Then he smiled, said

'How bout this friday?'

We practiced 5 nights a week. It was long, grueling, and often painful. Some members of other local alternative bands ('alternative' meaning they, like us, wrote their own material and that they, again like us, couldn't get an in-town gig to save their lives) called us crazy. '5 nights a week? Hell, we never practice!' And it was true; I know for a fact that these guys never practiced more than once or twice a month. And yet, every time I saw em play they were great. I wondered how they did it.

It always began the same: we'd sit around the table, slurping our respective 12 packs, sucking joints, and listening to inspirational music. Usually it was Motorhead, but often it was the Controllers, the Butchers or Al Green. Oh hell with it, it was usually Al Green.

Then, after we'd all killed our last bottle, one of us (usually the guitarist) would jump up and hollar

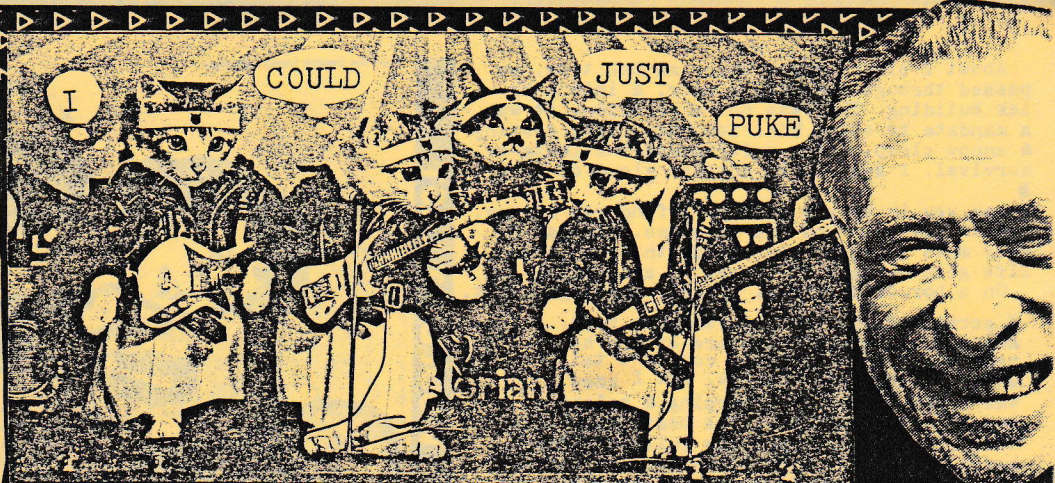
'LET'S JAHM!'

and we'd leap up and scurry into the basement like giggling pacaderms. Course, I was always the last one down cuz I knew what was waiting.

Now, this is for all you singers out there, cuz I know you'll be able to, like, relate. Okay, what we're refering to here are the singer's two most dreaded 'Up's'; 'TUNING UP' and 'WARMING UP.' Nothing turns singers into chain-smoking drunks faster or with more twisted elan. You know the story: ya fill yer bottle at the keg, adjust yer mike, and--it begins. The Plink plink plink, plunk plunk plunk, bam bam. That's right, plink plink plink, plunk plunk plunk, bam bam bam. Its called TUNING UP, and its a ritual I don't fully understand. Pagan sacrifices? Communiques to space? Some cliched substitute for jacking off?? Plink plink plink, plunk plunk plunk, bam bam bam. Try saying it to yourself 50 times out loud. Fun, huh? Now imagine it loud enough to make your ears bleed and going over and over and... Course, ya could scream in the mike and join in the fun, but you know they're gonna tell ya to shut the fuck up cuz they can't hear themselves TUNING UP.

Plink plink plink, plunk plunk, plunk, bam bam bam.

So ya light a cig and try to ignore it. After refilling at the keg you begin pacing. Chuggin the beer, sluggin the cig, and pacing. Its a small basement so you can't go too far, so its one wall to another in quick succession. You try to make yerself horny by pondering the porno on the wall ('Nah, she's dead'). You notice your ash needs flicking, pace over to the ashtray and



there's a freshly lit cig in there. The volume increases. The plink becomes a PLINK and you grab the second cig and begin making like its an old lost love. One slice, another beer murdered. You pace to the keg, fill it. Mooney pronto. You study the woodgrain, contemplate firms. Are the Russians really that bad? Let's get metaphysical.

A thousand liquid panthers crawl across your skull as you pace to the other wall. You're blazing. Its too late, you're a dervish now. You think 'How much more can I take?!!' And then Silence.

Forget it, its just a tease. Now its time for

WARMING UP!

Its usually (in this band, anyway) some early French operetta. And though I have nothing against french operettas per se, I don't like them performed by harmonica bands and I especially can't stand them by young white middleclass suburbanites. So anyway, there they go, off and running; Plink, plunk, and bam, all in some kind of sync now. The drummer, a glazed look in his eye, chomps down hard on 2 cigars the size of Seka's ankles. The guitar player grits his teeth, spreads his legs, and wails away mercilessly, totally oblivious to what the drummer and bassplayer are doing. And the bassplayer? No, not a word about him...

So ya light a new cig, kill an old beer, and yes, head towards the keg. Hammers of reverb bash the back of your head. My god, he's killing you with his patterns! And right then you know that beer isn't gonna be enough so ya run upstairs, grab yer coat, and hoof it to the nearest liquor store.

'Whiskey!' I snap 'A fifth!'

'Certainly. What kind would you like?'

'WHAT KIND?!!'

So ya hoof it back home, tryin not to slip on the ice and snow (I did mention it was winter time, didn't I? Thought so). Unfortunately the beer has begun to take control of the senses. You know, the unimportant ones like sight, sound, and the ability to walk. So you bound up the stairs and, yes, you spin-out and begin flying forward.

'YOUP!'

Now maybe you didn't say 'yowp,' but if yer a good drunk you do know the top priority in a case like this is to SAVE THE BOOZE. Everything else becomes irrelevant. So you throw yerself forward into something resembling the fetal position (letting your maternal instincts take over), and instead of landing on your stomach you land quite neatly, and quite cleanly, on your head.

'Shit!'

Rising, filled more with elation than pain (I mean, you did save the bottle) you run inside, slamming the door behind you. And there's the din; they're still at it. Now its something by Debussy, loud, atonal, rising up thru the carpet like pissed poltergists. Oh god, oh god.

In a fury, I crack the fifth, slug it deep. The volume increases. Oh god, was this what it was all about? Was this the price I had to pay for my foolish rocknroll dreams? Could it be that every one was right, was I really just another asshole in heat? I cover my ears, and begin screaming.

Then I heard it, faintly.

The phone.

I grabbed the reciever, shoved a finger in my free ear.

'HELLO? WHAT--HELLO??'

Christ, I couldn't hear a thing. I shouted louder.

'HELLO? HEY, YER GONNA HAFTA SPEAK UP. YEAH, THIS IS DOC. WHO'S THIS? WHAT? TERRI?!'

Terri? The Terri??

'TERRI, MY GOD, IT IS YOU! HOW YA DOIN? I SAID HOW YA DO--IN?'

It was Terri! Same voice, same sultry over-bite. She had cocaine eyes and lips like 2 chilled glasses of Maddog. She drove a fork-lift at the place I worked and, oh, how I craved her. Night and day I craved her. And for how long? Weeks? Months? And now she was calling me. I couldn't believe it.

'I SAID HOW YA DOIN?!! OH, NEVER MIND. SO WHAT'S UP WITH YOU? WHAT'S UP! THAT? OH, ITS JUST THE BAND. THE BAND! HELL, I DON'T KNOW, SOMETHIN BY SOME FRENCH FAGGOT I THINK. WHAT?? FORGET IT, WHATS NEW WITH YOUUU??'

I was standing on my tip-toes now, screaming at the top of my lungs.

'WHAT? GO OUT SOMETIME? WITH YOU??'

GIRL, I'D LOVE TO! JUST SAY WHE--WHAT? WHAT?!!'

As fate would have it, the guitarplayer TURNS UP. Now this is the singer's 3rd least favorite 'up' and thats when you say fuck fate. I forged ahead.

'YEAH, WHENEVER. ANY TIMES FINE: FINE!! YEAH, WHAT? THERES NOTHING TO CLIMB! ANY-TIMES-FINE: YEAH, SO HOW BOUT SATURDAY? WHAT?? FLATTERY WILL GET ME NOWHERE???' TERRI, I SAID 'SATURDAY!' SATURDAY, THE DAY AFTER FRIDAY! WHAT? FRI-DAY! OH CHRIST... HUH? YEAH, I WISH I COULD HEAR YOU, TOO! WHAT? TIRE IRONS AND GOAT FARTS??? WHAT THE FUCK?? GO? OH, GO! OKAY--WAIT, DON'T GO! WHEN ARE--WHAT? GATOR?? WHAT? LATER! BUT WHAT ABOUT--NO, NO, WHAT? WHAT???' SPEAK UP, GIRL, I'M LOSIN YA! HELLO! HEL-- Click.

I heard that. In fact, I heard it real good. I looked up, around.

Silence.

'Those motherfuckers.'

Grabbing the fifth, I race down to the unholy basement. The cut on my head has finally decided to bleed and the red streams down my face in one thin line, following the contour of my face, mixing with sweat. My legs are spread, my fifth waving. God, help them.

'Alright, you assholes! Whats goin on??'

'Fuck' the guitarplayer said sheepishly. 'I broke a fucking string. This'll just take me a minute.'

And the band played on.